

The Sex Shop by Mutakan

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Summary:

Steve moved to Sacramento, California shortly after turning eighteen. Anything to get away from his father. And since his father already saw him as a disappointment for presenting as a omega at age fourteen, why not rub salt into the wound by working at a sex shop?

He can't complain. He likes his coworkers and some of the customers are friendly and respectful.

Until he meets Billy Hargrove.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Its been almost a full year since I wrote and posted any fanfics. I should be working on PMS2, but... inspiration for that fic has withered up and died I think.

So here is some crossover, au goodness. In the head cannon for this fic of mine, Billy and Max never moved to Hawkins. So, when they met for the first time, its the first time.

The front door slammed open as Steve stormed in. As he went to the main counter, he nearly tripped over the landing. Catching himself at the last second with a curse, he gave his coworkers a look that could kill. "I'm in a shitty mood, alright?" He glanced up to snickering as he put his work bag down. He gave Dustin a confused glance, "Why are you here?"

Dustin slipped into his coat, he gave Steve a shrug. "Because I work here now?" He gave his friend a raised brow. "Mason's pregnant. He didn't wanna be here as he grew. Life. Life in his belly. Duh." After adjusting his coat on his shoulders, he gave Steve a tilt of his head. "And why are you in a shitty mood?"

"Yeah! And why are you so late, bro, you get here way before I do." Stiles commented as he continued to count the till. Fingers quickly flipping through the one dollar bills. He clicks the amount into the old Casio caculator on the counter. He moved on to the fives next.

Robin bit at her bottom lip, coat already on. Bag resting by her booted feet. "Yeah... sugar, why you so upset? Hmmm?" She poked at

his ribs, knowing that he hated being called sugar and he hated being touched. But, they had gone to high school together. Even worked at a ice cream shop together after school. So, she could get away with it.

Steve gave a huffing sigh, eyes on his bag as he dug in for his energy drink. Normally he wouldn't touch it until about four or five in the morning. It wasn't even midnight yet. As he cracked it open, he gave another long sigh. "I had to break up with my boyfriend today."

Stiles' head wiped up so fast, he lost half of his handful of quarters. "What!?"

"Tommy? But... why?" Dustin asked, his bag swingning up as he put it on his shoulder.

"Well... apparently when I left Hawkins three years ago, he decided that he's beta ass didn't want to wait for my omega... um.. ass." He chugged back nearly half of his drink. "I only found out about it because they finally got sloppy and Nancy caught them making out somewhere. She called me today and told me about it. After getting Tommy on the phone, he confesed."

"Wait. Your boyfriend was a beta?" Stiles asked from the floor, he was picking up his wayward quarters. "Not into alphas, huh? Don't blame you. Some can be real knot heads. I knew one in high school that would shove every omega he came across against the lockers. Just to be intimidating. He got expelled, but let back in a few times. Parents were rich."

Steve shook his head, mouth still full of fizzy b vitamins and caffeine.

"I came from a small town in the middle of fucking nowhere. I was the only omega in my school. And Robin was the only alpha I could stand. My choices were kinda limited." Steve set his drink on the counter. "I've known Tommy since I was in diapers. We went from best friends to lovers almost overnight." He said mostly to himself.

"Yeah... but Tommy is still a bad person. He walked alllll over you at times. Fuck him. Actually, no... don't fuck him literally. Fuck him metaphoricly." said Robin, picking up her bag as she gave Stiles a look, "You done yet, honey pie? Mama needs food and sleep."

Stiles clicked in the last of his numbers. "Um... yes?" He looked into the till one last time, then back up at her. "Yeah. You're good. Get out. Go. Bye, Dusty. I look forward to working with you some more in the future." as the boy blushed and headed out the door, Robin following close behind, he turned to Steve. "He's a cutie pie. Too bad he's a beta. I know a alpah that would have loved him."

"Yeah? Well, that ship sailed when he was still in middle school. He met another cute beta at summer camp one year. And while they don't live in the same city, let alone the same state, they are making their long distance relationship work." He sat on the chair behind the counter, resting his elbows on the dvd drawers. "Was Mason the only one that quit while I was off? I remember Scott saying something about leaving as soon as he finished his schooling to become a vet or something."

"Yeah, apparently we are meeting the new girl in the morning. I think Robin said her name was Maxine." Stiles commented, moving to sit in the other chair behind the counter. He tipped it back as he thought. "Hopefully Keith doesn't make her uncomfortable. Did you really go to school with that guy?"

Steve nodded, head in his hands. "Yeah. He graduated a year before me. But, when some omega chick scared him outta college here in Cali, he decided to become a manager at a porn shop. Every place he has ever worked at he ends up as the manager. He ran the arcade back in Hawkins. It was attached to a normal video rental place."

"Hawkins still has normal video rental places?" Stiles snickered, snagging a pen off the dvd drawers top. He clicked at the clicker of it for a while. "I haven't seen a blockbusters or anything like that since I was a kid."

Waving his left hand, "No. It was a ma and pop ran video store. And, they only rented out VHS. We never got DVDs out there. I didn't even know about Blu Ray discs until I started working here." with a sigh he sat up, hands in his lap.

"I'm just thankful our shop doesn't have a arcade. I would hate to be responsible to keep it clean."

Steve tilted his head at Stiles, "I doubt the owners would ever slap in a video game machine. I think they'd be too worried about Dustin spending his whole shift on it. Shit. I still can't believe that he is working here now."

Stiles laughed loudly, clutching his stomach. "Oh, dude. No. Adult vid shops don't put in game boxes. They put in video streaming booths. You give it a buck and it plays like, five minutes of porn. Some places even have glory holes." he gave Steve a look, one brow raised up as he wagged his mouth.

Brow drawing together as Steven thought about that. After a few silent seconds he settled on a single thought. "Ew." He sat back further, giving his shift buddy a look. "That. That is so gross. Probably as gross as the theater gets. Right?" He looked up at the door down a aisle of the shop. The words 'Love Box' painted in shiny pink an purple lettering. Mason had done a nice job on painting it. As it was only opened the year previous.

Shaking his head, Stiles pulled a face. "No... its much worse. At least with the theater we take their IDs. Most places don't for a arcade. They just make sure to see it, and give them some tokens or give them change for it. They can go from booth to booth. Making a mess from one to another. And..." he leaned over the drawers. "I know of some places that only clean once a week. If ever. Imagine all that funky cu..." he laughed as Steve threw a pen at him.

Steve shuddered at the thought. Thankfully their manager cleaned the theather every morning. And customers were told to be mindful of the messes they made. Most of their regulars knew not to step on any toes. Metephorical toes.

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A few hours passed in their shift. Quiet with little foot traffic. Which was how Steve liked it. One of the whole reasons he worked graveyards. That, and Stiles was fun to hang with. When he wasn't being an annoying spaze. He glanced up from his phone as one of the customers came out of the theater. "Dude! Your fly is down!" he waved a hand in front of his own face. Thankfully it was a beta he and Stiles called Dee.

Dee flushed as he hastily raised his zipper. "Heh, sorry about that." He wandered up to the counter. "I just had so much fun in there, tonight." he held out his hand. "Gonna get going though, sweet cheeks." He said, while staring at Stiles.

"Mister Dee, we've talked about this." he said as he stood up. Phone slipping into his pocket. "You don't get to call me cute nicknames as long as your name isn't my alpha's name." He popped open the sales drawer, he flipping through the identification cards until he found Dee's. "Here." Clicking the drawer shut, he sat back down, left arm draped across the back of his chair. "Have a great day, Mister Dee!"

Dee flushed again. "Um, yeah. You too, kiddo." He made for the door.

"And that is why he can't give me pet names." Stiles whispered to Steve. "I'm in my twenties, and that old guy is in his fifties." He shook his head, "That... and my alpha is hot! Much older than me. I chased him around when I was a teen. After my nineteenth birthday, he finally accepted me as his mate." He pauses to gently touch his mating patch. "Mmm... He's so hot."

Steve only smiled fondly at Stiles, as the rest of the shift rolled by fairly quietly.

When seven forty five rolled around, Keith came strolling in like he owned the place. Stiles stood at the counter, counting out their sales and making sure the credit card machine printed their sales from their shift. "Sup, boss?" said Stiles, giving him a head nod.

Keith remained quiet as he went into his office behind the counter.

He deposited his work bag and coat before exiting to the counter again. "Either of you numbnuts see the new girl yet?" he leered. Pointing at Steve, "You better not tell her any of your crappy lies from when we were in school, Harrington!" He crossed his arms over his chest. Even as he stood in his natural slumping stance. "I don't wanna answer twenty million questions that are not work related all day."

Steve held up his hands. "I promise... nothing." he chuckled as Keith flipped him off. "Hey now boss, set a better example of yourself and we'll see." He easily ducked the pen that was thrown roughly his direction.

A roaring engine outside drew Stiles' attention. "Ohhh, my alpha is here! Till should be good to count, boss!" he went about putting his sales money into a clear self sealing envelope.

The other omega tilted his head as he watched the large tv that hung from the wall. He could tell that it was a camero. "Isn't Derek's car black?" he asks Stiles.

"Yep!" he chirped, slipping the envelope into the safe in Keith's office. "Why?"

"Because that car is blue. And looks old as fuck." said Steve. Watching on the security feed as a girl with red hair climbed out of the front passenger seat. He could hear her yelling into the car at the driver. As she nearly screamed; Asshole!, at the other person and slammed the door. "Huh." Steve continued to watch as the driver got out of the car to fallow her into the store.



"What did I say about slamming the door?" he snapped.

"Yeah, well if you weren't such a dick, then I wouldn't be slamming anything." she retorted.

"I was.." he paused in the door way, taking a deep breath. "Just reminding you that I can't pick you up tonight." he glanced up at the clerks staring at him. "What?"

"Billy, I got this. I'll figure something out. Now, get the fuck out! You're making me look bad in front of my new coworkers and," she shoved at his shoulder. "My boss." she hissed.

Steve locked eyes on Billy. He felt a strange thrill trail down his spine at the sight of the alpha. He could smell him from the counter. A whole fifteen feet away. Apparently this Billy didn't like wearing scent blockers. He blinked as Stiles leaned so far forward that he blocked Steve's view of Billy and the new girl.

"Oooh! He smells yummy. And.. kinda looks familiar. Hm. Hey!" Stiles jerked as Steve shoved him to the side. "Dude.. wait, wait, wait!" he leaned into Steve again. "You like him. Yeah?"

"Shut up, Stiles." Steve grumped. He snagged his bag from the dvd drawer top. Jerking as another loud engine called from outside. "Hey, think Derek can give me a ride home?"

Keith huffed as he closed the till. "It's good, get outta here. Before you

scare the new girl away with your nonsense." He thrust his pointed finger at the door. "And your lies!"

Billy moved further into the store. Completely ignoring Max. "Nah. I'm gonna browse for a bit." He wandered down the fetish aisle. Fingers trailing along the collars and floggers.

"Oh, sorry." Derek said gruffly, he had bumped into her as he entered the store. As she stood there, staring off into horror at the area Billy had gone off to. "Ready to go, Stiles?"

"Daddy!" called Stiles as he slung his hoodie over his arm his bag hanging from his shoulder.

"Stiles... don't call me that," Derek growled, a faint blush painting his cheek bones. "in public." He mumbled at the last second. He held open the door for his younger mate to exit the store. Steve stumbling after Stiles. "Yeah. I can give you a ride home."

Their conversation trailed out into the parking lot. Leaving Max to deal with Billy on her first day at a new job. She paled as he brought up a package. She huffed, pretending to not care as she put her bag off to the side, slipping free of her leather jacket.

Billy handed the toy to the manager. "I'll take that, thanks."

Keith scanned the item, commenting to the other alpha. "Good choice. These nipple suckers are pretty durable. Takes a lot of force

to get them to pop off. The screw like sucker pulls the air out tighter. Master Series is a pretty durable company. I'll make sure you get a receipt, that way you can register it if you want. If anything happens to it, you should be able to work something out with them if it breaks or something. That'll be..."

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Outside the shop, Steve was explaining to Derek why he needed a ride home. "Yeah, and he claims that he just couldn't wait for me to ever come back. That his dad's construction business was needing him and that he wouldn't leave Hawkins unless he already had a job waiting for him out here." He wasn't explaining himself very well.

Derek nodded along with his tale as he unlocked his twenty ten Dodge Comaro. "Huh-uh. But, why do you need a ride home today?" He held the front passenger door open for Stiles. Clicking it shut after his mate slipped in.

"Oh! Yeah. That. Um, my car broke down over the weekend. Its been at Boyd and Liam's shop since Saturday night." He let himself into the back seat behind Derek's driver seat. "Thanks aga..." he trailed off as he watched Billy leave the shop. A toy in his hand. He blushed brightly as he noticed which one it was. Quickly looking away as he felt Billy's eyes on him as he saluted the omega with the toy package. "Oh my god."

Stiles glanced over the back of his seat at Steve, "He is cute tho. And he looks so familiar." He shifted to watch Billy slip into his vintage camaro. "But, I can't remember where I've seen him before."

"Whatever. Can we just get going please?" Steve could feel heat down his collar bones.

With Derek's approving grunt, they left the parking lot.

(to be continued)

## 2. Chapter 2

"Just look at you."

Steve squirmed on his bed. Billy looming over his prone form. The suction nipple devices puffing out his sensitive nipples. Billy kept prodding them. Making the sex toy jiggle and sway. A silicone cock ring kept the omega from cumming. While he wasn't bound, he had been told by his alpha to keep his hands above his head. His knuckles were white with how hard he was gripping the headboard rails.

"Breathtaking." Billy murmured. He flicked the nipple suckers once more. Just to listen to his omega's whine. He shifted between his spread thighs. "Think your wet enough for me?" He asks, tongue in his teeth, hand at the base of his cock. He kept a slow, teasing rub of his cockhead against Steve's eager hole.

"Please!" Begged the omega. Arching his back to give Billy better access to his ass.

"Good boeep beep beep!"

"Huh?" Steve blinked awake, alarm on his night stand blaring at him. "Fuck!" His sleeping sweats were soaked. He sat up to sit at the edge of his bed and glared at the clock. He didn't have time for a shower before work. But, he needed one. "Whelp, I'm gonna be late tonight. Shit."

It had already been a few months since Steve had first laid eyes on Billy. The alpha was now haunting his dreams.

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Steve grumbled as he slid into work. Stiles sitting behind the counter already didn't lift his mood.

"Hey." smirked the other omega. "How'd I get here before you? Huh? Huh?" He waggled his brows at Steve. Taking in his damp hair and rumpled appearance. "Get lucky before work?"

With a huff and a thunk of his bag on the counter, Steve shook his

head. "No. Missed my first alarm. Thankfully my second one woke me up." He sat in the spare chair. Frowning when he didn't see Robin or Dustin. "They bounce early?"

Stiles nodded, "Yep." he popped the 'p.' "Something about her beauty sleep and he has a test in the morning." He gave a nonchalant shrug.

"Ah." Steve racked his fingers through his damp hair. "I think I'm getting close." He sat back in his chair. Hands shifting to his lap. "A preheat dream was the reason why I was so late. Needed a shower before work."

"Oh? Who starred in it? Was it Derek? I remember you telling me that the last time you were having preheat dreams, he was the star of them." Stiles leaned forward on the dvd drawers between them. His chin resting in his palm.

A flush crept up Steve's throat to his cheeks. "I said that when I was drunk! And, no." He looked out towards the sales floor. Thankful that they didn't have any customers at the moment. "It was Billy."

Stiles jerked so hard he nearly fell out of his chair. "Max's bro?" He thought a moment. "Ok, yeah. I can see it. He's hot. Not as hot as my Derek. But, still hot. He's got mad alpha swagger. Always coming in with her in the morning. Buying some random sex toy while eye fucking you." He nodded to himself as he crossed his arms across his chest. "I can definitely see the two of you getting together."

Steve felt like his whole body was on fire. "He does not eye fuck me." He squeaked out. "Look..." he said after a few awkward minutes of silence. Even though he could definitely hear Stiles giggling at him. "I don't, I mean, yeah. He's hot. But, I'm not really looking for an alpha right now. I've got a roommate. That borrows my car all the time. And when they aren't borrowing my car they sit around the apartment all day."

"What does she do again?" Stiles asked, referring to his roommate. "I mean, she's nice. But, kinda a spaz."

"Says she's the world's largest spaz. She's a gamer? Streams her game plays or something. I just wish she'd ask before taking off with my car."

Stiles leaned so he could see the security screen that hung on the wall behind Steve. "Like tonight?" He couldn't see Steve's old BMW parked in his usual spot.

"Yep."

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Thankfully it was his Friday. Then he'd have the weekend to himself and could try to recenter himself. He startled from his thoughts as Stiles suddenly spoke up.

"Hey! I think I remember where I know Billy from!" he beamed at Steve. He shoved the hood of his hoodie down. Phone in hand. "He's Derek's cousin. Yeah, here look." he held out his phone for Steve.

Steve gave the phone a quick look. Pausing at the old image on Stiles' phone. It looked like it had been taken when Derek was still in middle school. A large family photo. He spotted Billy to the far right. Standing in front of a woman with long curly blonde hair. His mom? Steve thought. He noticed that Derek's mom was standing next to the blonde. They looked alike. Just with differently colored hair. "Huh."

Stiles pulled his phone back, having leaned over the dvd drawers to show him. "Yeah. Derek has this picture hanging up in the hall. Its something you end up walking by every day, but it wasn't until I snooped around in his social medias that I found it."

He nodded along with what Stiles was saying, eyes on the security cameras. "Yep. My mom had all these photos of me from when I was little by the front door. Though, by the time I turned thirteen new ones stopped showing up on the wall." He gave a shrug.

"Ah, dude, that sucks." Stiles frowned at him, jerking as the store phone started to ring. "Ello, you've just called Toy Boxxx, how can I help you?"

"Yes. Do you sell anything that will stroke my cock for me?" said the male voice on the other line. Stiles could hear a woman moaning for her alpha to fuck her harder. As the guy on the call spoke, it almost seemed like he was raising the volume on the porn he was watching.

"Uh... yeah. Well, sorta? It does the stroking motions for you. But, you'll wanna hold onto it. Cus it is a bit heavy and will fall to the side." Stiles replied. Voice starting to get clipped. He really hoped it wasn't one of 'those' calls. But, he knew that he would know one way or the other in a few seconds.

Steve reached for his snacks. He ate them quietly while watching Stiles' face. He mouthed at the other omega, "Perv call?" At Stiles shrug he went silent.

"Huh. Ok. So, would you be eager to suck my cock for me?"

"And we are done!" Stiles slammed the phone down on the counter. "I hate those calls. Sheesh." He sat back with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Same. I'll deal with the phone next time. What was their last four numbers?"

Stiles picked up the phone and reviewed the last call. "Two, six, fourteen." He huffed as he put the phone back down. "Too bad our block list is full. We could just add him along with all the other perverts that call here looking to just be gross on the phone. Cus they ain't got the balls to be gross to our faces."

Steve snorted a laugh. "That's why they call the shop. So we don't see their faces. Otherwise, we would kick them out for sexual harrasment. Which, most customers don't believe can happen to a clerk at a porn shop."

Brows drawn together, Stiles pushed the phone closer to Steve. "But, its a thing. If our we can't sexually harrass each other, then no one can. Them's the law, bros!"

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A few hours passed in peace. The perverted caller didn't ring back. Steve glanced up at the clock on the wall. "Oh, hey. Its almost time to go."

Stiles nodded, finishing up his bottle of water. "Yep. Remember, Keith said he was gonna be late today." He shoved his water bottle into his

work bag.

Steve nodded. Jerking as Billy pulled up a few minutes later. The roar of his engine did things to Steve. Things he didn't dare say aloud. Otherwise, Stiles would tease him relentlessly. He nearly fell out of his chair as the front door and the phone started to ring at the same time. "Ah fuck."

"What?" inquired Stiles, standing up to greet Billy. "Sup man?"

"Hey, Stiles. Max is getting her shit." He commented, looking only at Steve. "What's wrong, princess?" He stood at the counter.

"We.. we keep getting calls from this guy. He just asks a normal question, soon as we are done answering him, he then asks us to do sexual stuff with him." He pauses as he looks at the ringing phone in his hand. "Hey... think you'd be willing to tell this guy off? Here." He stood up, handing the still ringing phone to Billy. "Just say, thanks for call, how can I help you? Alright?"

Billy smirked at Steve, taking the phone slowly. Purposely letting his fingers graze Steve's wrist. "Anything for you, pretty boy." He answers the phone as Steve had instructed. Voice gravely. "Yeah, see no. That's not how this is gonna play out, sugar. You either need to stop calling and harrasing the lovely boys here. Or grow a pair and met me here at the shop so I can deal with you in person."

Steve and Stiles just stared at Billy in shock. "Yeah, he is defenetly a Hale." said Stiles. He looked passed Billy as the door chime went off. "Sup Max?" he smiled at the red head.

"Why's Billy on the phone?" she asked as she went behind the main counter. She blinked at him as he hung up the phone and handed it back to Steve.

"I could hear him piss himself. I doubt he'll call back." Billy smirked at Max. "Just doing my daily duty of ass kicking. Even if it was just over the phone."

"Okay... well you can go now. Bye." She huffed. Setting down her bag as she started to count the till. "I'm good if you guys wanna take off? I

don't mind waiting for a half hour by myself for Keith to get here." she said. Pulling her hair up into a pony tail while she counted the till.

"Oh? Thanks, Max." Stiles chirped. "If I'm lucky Derek will be outside by the time you get that counted." He started to gather his stuff together. "Oh, and we can't give you a ride today. Sorry, Steve." he said suddenly. Making the burnette glance up from gathering his own things.

"Fuck." he sighed, "That's ok. I'll just take the bus."

"Car troubles again, princess?"

"Not that its any of your business, but yeah. My roommate randomly decided that she needed it last night. So, I had to take the bus to get here." Steve pulled on his jacket. "Why?"

Billy shoved his hands into his jean pockets. "If its not too far out, I don't mind giving you a ride." he leered at Steve. Tongue stuck between his teeth as he smirked at the omega.

Steve gave him a look. "Um. Sure, I just live a few blocks away." He waved at Max as she said that the till was good. He slipped past Billy out the door. Standing with it open as Stiles and Billy trailed after him. He stood at the end of the ramp. Shivering as Billy stood behind him. "I already know which one is yours. Just unlock it so we can get going."

Stiles pouted as he noticed that Derek wasn't there yet. He brought up his phone. Making sure he didn't miss a text or call from his alpha.

"Need a ride too, pretty omega?" Billy asked, using his keys to get his car unlocked. Looking to his right as Derek pulled in. "Never mind."

"Oh, nope. Thanks though. And, not sure you'd wanna ever give me a ride home. I live out in Beacon Hills." He waited as Derek came to a stop before opening the door.

"Yeah. That's a bit too far for me. Hey, Derek!" he called. Slipping into his car to unlock his front passenger door manually. "Come on, princess, let's get going!"

Steve took a deep breath before climbing into Billy's car. He heard Derek call out to Billy. He was kind of curious why Derek hadn't said anything about Billy being his cousin to him yet. Maybe Derek didn't remember? Was Billy a wolf too? He thought to himself. "Thanks, again. Just take a right and head south." He said, while buckling up.

Billy pulled out of the parking lot, taking a right and heading north. He smirked at Steve's sound of protest. Getting a face full of soured fear from Steve. "Don't worry, princess. Just gonna take you out for breakfast."

(Tbc...)

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Some coworker bonding. ;)

Notes for the Chapter:

Also, no hale fire. And alpha pack didn't do a murder. Annnd! Nogitsune Stiles didn't do a murder on Allison. (I.E, I'm writing this as if there were no major character deaths in teen wolf, m'kay? M'kay!)

Billy arched his hips. Trying to drive himself deeper into Steve's mouth. "Come on, princess! Lemme down that pretty throat." he growled. Legs pinned down by Steve's body. He kept his hands above his head, as instructed by Steve at the beginning of this tryst.

The omega hummed around Billy's cock. He hadn't given that many blow jobs in his young life. His last partner didn't care for them as much from Steve for some reason. He didn't think he was that bad at them. He slurped off of Billy with a wet noise, looking up his body as his left hand rolled up and down the wet shaft. "I'll get you down when I feel like it. Now, be a good alpha and hold still."

Billy was about to retort when Steve did just as he requested. The back of his head digging into the pillow as Steve took him down his throat. The wet, slick, heat did things to the alpha's self control. He clenched his teeth, a soft pleased growl hissed from him. "Fuck! Steve, gonna cum." he warned.

Just as Steve was telling him to cum, something obnoxious started to blare loudly in his ears. "The fuc..." he blinked awake. Straining in his boxer briefs. "Damn it." he rolled over after slamming his alarm until it shut up with a soft beep. "Always before the climax. This shit needs to stop." he grumbles, as he snoozes for a few more hours.

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"There you are, sheesh, we almost ordered without you." grumbled

Stiles, menu falling from his hands and onto the table. Hands slapping palms down on the shiny surface. "What took you so long?"

Steve took in the sight of Derek and Stiles sitting in their usual spot at the diner. Derek's arm over the omega's shoulders, leaning back against the backrest without a care in the world. Stiles leaning back and hunching forward as if rocking himself. He had explained to Steve years ago that he had ADHD and sometimes couldn't hold still for too long. Especially if he was stressed and or sleep deprived. Which would happen if he took too much Adderall again.

"Yeah, sorry. I had a weird dre..." he blushes as he catches himself, "I slept through my alarms." he corrected. Last thing Stiles needed was more fuel to tease him with. "And, since I had to drive from home to Beacon Hills, it took awhile to get here." He sits across from Stiles. "If we had met at your place, like I wanted to in the first place, it wouldn't have taken me so long." he grumbled.

Derek nodded before saying in his soft gruff voice, "You're going to need to scoot over." he moved his arm from the back of the bench to his side. As Steve was about to protest, he shifted his eyes from Steve to the new arrival. "About time, uncle."

Steve felt himself blush harder at the scent of Peter Hale. He had only met the alpha a handful of times in the last few years of being coworkers with Stiles. He scooted closer to Derek. Almost too close for his own liking. But, the other alpha got a bit handsy when he liked someone. And for some reason, he really liked Steve.

"Mmm, sorry boys. My world doesn't revolve around the two of you. But," he smirked at Steve as he sat down as well. "I'd be willing to make an exception for you, pretty omega."

Steve visibly shivered, he made a sound of protest but didn't say anything to the alpha. Having learned in the past that any retort would just be met with another sassy remark. Thankfully, Steve was saved by the waiter. "I'll just take my usual." he didn't bother looking up or at the menu. As they came to this diner so often, the waiter would usually just ask if they wanted what they had the last time they were there.

"I don't know what you are talking about." said a unknown voice. Making everyone finally look up at the waiter. He wasn't in the diner's uniform for waiters or waitress. He was almost in a suit. But, he was holding a note pad.

Stiles stuttered out, "J-Jackson!? Why are you bussing tables? I know you own the place now, but... why?" he stared slack jawed at his old high school... buddy? enemy? acquaintance. Yep. Acquaintance was right.

Jackson sighed at Stiles, "Always a pleasure Stilinski." huffed the alpha. He looked at the other patrons. "We are currently short staffed. As Ethan is on maternity leave right now." He spoke as if he had rehearsed it with his mate. "What do you want?" he asked, sounding like his usual self again.

Stiles beamed up at him, "Congrats man! Knew ya had it in you." he ducked away from Jackson, as he tried to swat his note pad at the omega. "Um, ok. Touchy much? Hmm... I'm gonna get the bacon cheeseburger with curly fries. Lots of curly fries." he looked at Derek, after a second of talking to Derek's eyebrows he looked back at Jackson. "And he'll have the steak and eggs. Rare and over easy." He held up both their menus.

"Fine. And you?" he said as he took the menus, tucking them into his apron pockets. Eyes on Steve. He swatted at Peter, when he caught him in his peripheral vision reaching up to put his menu in Jackson's apron. "Stop that. I got it!" he took the menu from the other alpha.

Steve felt unbalanced for some reason. He was so used to talking to Ethan when he came here with Stiles and Derek. "Uh... the blueberry pancakes and the steak special. Medium rare, please?" he asked. Flushing as he caught Peter's leering smirk.

Peter leaned back, arms up on the back of the seat rest. "I'll have what Derek is having."

"You wish," mumbled Stiles.

"His meal, pet. Not you. I missed out on having you years ago."

"Doesn't stop you from still trying!"

Peter laughed at the idea. "True. But, I know how far to try before my lovely nephew puts me back in my 'place,' or so he tries." his eyes flashed blue for just a split second. Making Steve gasp softly.

"Right. Be out soon." said Jackson before turning on his heel and leaving their table. He was halfway to the counter when he turned around and went back to their table. He bent forward to snatch up Steve's menu. He gave the omega a glare, before returning to the counter once more.

"Wow..." mumbled Steve. "He's a bit rude."

Stiles nodded, sipping at his water. "At least he didn't try to kill us."

"He tried to what?" Asked Steve, doe eyes wide.

Stiles waved a hand at his coworker. "That was back in high school. He was the knot-headed alpha from high school I keep telling you about."

"That guy? Oof." he groaned. Hoping his meal wouldn't get messed up. "He didn't ask us our drinks." he said as an afterthought.

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"Order up, table six!" called Boyd as he placed the last plate on the bar counter that separated the kitchen from the rest of the diner. As he pulled away from the counter, he dinged his bell.

Malia was still tying up her work apron around her waist as she walked up to the counter. It was at shoulder height for her. "Yeah, the only table occupied right now." she mumbled.

Boyd rested his elbows on his side of the bar, "And your point? I'm here on time, staying professional. I get the food cooked properly. So, if you wanna be snarky at me, maybe show up on time? So I don't have to listen to Jackson bitch about his 'useless employees' always slacking off."

Malia huffed at him, "Not my fault that my omega turned off my

alarms, so we could snuggle longer." She pulled the plates of warm food onto her circular server tray. "His heat leave is almost over. Then he'll be back here to help out."

"So you say, but Theo is still in school, right?" asked Boyd, he tilted his chin towards table six. "Say hi to Derek for me." he gave the counter a quick pat before turning away from her. He had his cooking station to clean before any new orders came in.

"Yeah. Second year of community college." She picked up her tray as she turned to make her way over to table six. "Yep." she said to Boyd before she was out of ear shot. Which would have been funny, if he wasn't a wolf. She couldn't help the smirk on her face as she started setting down plates of food. "Did you hear Boyd, Derek?"

"Yes. Hey, Boyd." he laughed softly, taking his plate from Malia. He was kind enough to place Steve's plate before him for her.

"Daughter." smiled Peter, holding up his hands to take his plate. Only for her to put it on the edge of the table, as far from him as possible.

"Dead-beat parental figure." she growled, pulling the plate back slightly as Peter reached for it. She raised a brow at him. She made a point to glance at Steve then back at her father. The slight tilt of her head had Peter scooting slightly away from the omega. "Better." she murmured.

Peter gave a annoyed huff, sliding his plate closer to himself. He kept eyeing his only child. Cutting his steak without looking before taking a bite. "Happy?"

"With all the shit you put us through in high school, its gonna take more then leaving a pretty omega alone, for me to be happy around you." She held her server tray against her front. Eyes flashing blue as she stared at her father.

"So.. um," started Stiles, trying to hold back giggles at the look on Steve's face. "How have you been?" His voice slightly slurred as it was stuffed with curly fries.

"Dude, have the decency to not talk with your mouth full?" Steve

hissed. Chunk of blueberry pancake dangling peculiarly from his fork as he used it to point at Stiles', well at Stiles' everything. Nearly flinging syrup in Derek and Peter's directions.

Malia waved her hand at him. "It's fine. I'm used to his eating habits. Along with other things," she said with a leer in her tone. Giggling as Stiles proceeded to choke on his fries. "We used to date, back in high school. We were each other's firsts," she murmured. Making Derek glare at her as he patted a now fully choking Stiles on the back.

Steve ate his bite of pancake before speaking up. "Really? So, what was he like in high school?" he asked as he cut another bite of his pancakes. "Obnoxious like he is now?" he smirks.

She giggles softly, "Yeah. But, less awkward I think. When I first met him, and Scott, I was stuck in my coyote form. Had been for years. He wanted Scott to attack me."

Stiles coughed as he spoke up finally. "You were snarling at us. You have a lot of pointy, sharp teeth in that form," he chugged at his water.

"You two were in my territory. You had taken my dead sister's plushie," she huffed.

"Why were you stuck in your coyote form?" Steve asked, eyes shifting over to the other omega.

Malia sighed, looking over them and out the large windows that adorned most of the wall behind them. "When I was a kid, my biological mother tried to kill me so she could get her powers back. She shot at the car, and my mom lost control. That was when I found out that I was a coyote. At the time, I thought my shift had caused the car accident," she finally looked down. "They didn't make it," she said softly.

"Your mom and your biological mom?" asked Steve, food forgotten.

"Her adopted mother and younger sister," said Peter, his food gone. "Are you going to eat your steak?" Everyone turned to him with a look and half said; "Really?" Peter shrugged, "What? One, it's starting

to get cold. Two, reheated steak isn't very good. And, three..."

"Shut up, Peter." Malia growled. "But, yeah. My sister and mom died that night. Years later, Stiles and Scott found me a few miles away stuck in coyote form." She took Peter's plate. "Scott had to alpha wolf roar at me to get me to change back."

"Not the first time I saw a naked girl." Stiles quipped.

"Not you too," she growled. He just gave her a smirk as he took a too big of a bite of his cheese burger.

"Wait, wait, wait! How old were you when you got turned back into human?" he asked, pulling his plate of steak away from Peter's grasp. "As human as a werecoyote can be, that is." He smacked at Peter's hand. "No."

She thought a moment, using her tray to smack her father on the head. She ignored his sound of protest. "About, seventeen. I think?" she looked at Stiles. "We were born the same year, yeah?"

Stiles had killed off his burger. "Yep." he gave the 'p' a fat pop. He hands his now empty plate to Malia, she adds it to Peter's. Derek slides his over towards her. She nods at him before adding it to the rest.

"Huh." Steve pondered, pausing in mid second smack to Peter's hand when a thought occurred to him. "Wait, how old were you when you..." he trailed off. Not sure how to word his sentence without hurting her feelings, or pissing her off.

"I was nine." she nodded. A wave of her hand paused his quest in finishing his train of thought. "I was stuck in that form for eight years. And, not only that, but missed so much schooling that they still put me in high school."

"Yeah, it was more appropriate? Who wants to be seventeen and in the fourth grade? Lydia and Allison really helped you though. And me, I helped with your studies so that you could go to school with us."

Malia gave him a dirty look. "Yeah, but I never really got caught up.

If it wasn't for Derek and Peter, I wouldn't have gotten my first job. And!" she points at Stiles, "If not for Jackson being desperate, I wouldn't have my part-time gig here."

"Well, we could always use part-timers for the sex shop?" he asks, looking at Steve for confirmation. Steve just gives him a slight shake of his head. "No?"

She sighs at him, "I'm not leaving my territory. Scott needs all his betas to be nearby." She glanced over her shoulder as the bell above the door chimed. "Take a seat anywhere. I'll be right with you." she pointed at Stiles, "So shut it. Anyone need a to-go box?" she asks, even though her eyes are trained on Steve. And only Steve.

A blush adorns Steve's features again. "Yeah. Thanks."

"No problem, hon. Oh, and if this one doesn't learn to keep his paws to himself, let me know." she gives Peter a warning growl. "I'm stronger than him."

(tbh)

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

More breakfasts!?

(The author was hungry when she wrote this)

Notes for the Chapter:

Billy is a stalker?

Steve has a crush?

Yes.

Steve had just gotten home from work when his roommate came out of their apartment. "Here." he handed her the keys. Taking in her luggage. "Just don't run it too hot." he mentions, watching her put her bags in the back seat.

"I know. Thanks again for letting me take it for a few weeks. Are you sure it won't be a bother? I know you have work while I'm gone." she asks, putting her last bag in the car. "And yeah, I know. If the temp gets too hot, turn on the heater. And roll down the windows."

He shrugs at her. "I'll be good. You paid to borrow it this time. Should have enough to pay for a cab to and from for the time that you are gone." he turned to go into the apartment. "But," he turned to walk backwards a few steps. "I want pics of that new pup your sister is having."

"Pfft! I'm sending videos!" she yelled back. Slipping into the driver's seat.

"Ugh, not of the birth I hope!" he yelled. He could hear her laughing as she closed the door to his car.

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Fresh from a shower, in his most comfortable pajamas and favorite hoodie. Steve was just getting comfortable on the couch for some saturday morning binge watching, when he heard a knock at his door. "Why?" he whined as he got up. Padding barefoot to the front door, he was surprised to see Billy standing there. "Um, can I help you?"

He stood on the front stoop, hands in his jean jacket. "Hey, princess." he turned to look at the empty parking spot. "So, I was just driving by and noticed that your car wasn't here."

"And?" asked Steve, his left brow raised. He shoved his hands into his hood pocket. Eyes looking the alpha over. He suddenly felt self conscious as Billy looked back at him. His blue eyes trailing along his body. He really wished he had dried and styled his hair before answering the door.

"Well," Billy continued, "I know from our breakfast a few weeks back, that on your last shift of the week, you come home. Take a shower and chill on the couch until you pass out." he murmured. "So, I was worried that something happened on your way home."

Steve just stared at him, jaw slightly slacked. "Uh. Stalker much?" he leaned back to give Billy room to enter the apartment. "Come in." he turned to walk back to his couch. "Yeah, my roommate borrowed it this morning. She's outta town for a few weeks. Her sister is having a baby."

Billy followed the omega into his home. He latched and locked the door behind himself. At the sound, Steve had looked back at him with a questioning look, he said "Sorry, its habitual. Grew up with a military dad, he would..." Billy shook his head, "I can unlock it, if it makes you more comfortable?"

"Nah, its fine." Steve shifts to plop onto his couch. He picks up his remote to get his television on the channel he usually binges all day. "So, if you are not stalking me, why were you driving by at this hour? Don't you live the otherway from my work?"

"Well, I was going to swing by your work and see if you wanted to go get breakfast with me again." he sat next to the omega, respectful of

his pressence, he sat at the other end of the couch. "Veterinary shows?"

Steve gave him a look as he put the remote back on the coffee table. "Hey, you don't know my life! I love these shows. They can go from cute, to oh my god, to super sad, and back to cute in a half hour. After being surrounded by porn all day, its a nice change of pace."

Billy held up his hands, "Alright, alright. I yield." He sat back to give the show a chance. "To each their own, I guess." He pulls his phone out from his pocket, and while not looking up, "Have you had breakfast yet? I can order something." he wiggles his phone in his hand, before scrolling through it.

"Pancakes."

The alpha laughs, "Yeah? You had that at our breakfast. Got a sweet tooth?" he asks as he brings up his favorite breakfast place that delivers.

"I just prefer pancakes for breakfast. I have the stuff to make some, if you wanna save some money?" he thinks about the steak he still has in his fridge from the other day having breakfast with Stiles and his family.

"Yeah? Well, since I invited myself over, I can make breakfast. Got eggs? I'd prefer a omlette for myself." he moves to stand up. He holds back a smile as Steve gets up as well and shows him his modest kitchen.

"Hmm... well, I have eggs, shredded cheese and this leftover steak from the other day. I didn't get to eat any of it. At least Peter didn't steal it from me." He stood up on his tipy toes to open the cupboard above the oven. "The pancake mix is up here."

Billy took in the view of skin that was revealed as Steve reached up. He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep himself from reaching up and trailing his finger tips across the small of Steve's back.

"There are bowls in that cupboard." he says, pointing over to the one near the sink. "Grab the medium-ish one. I use it for batters. It might

have a yellow stain in it." he blushes at his dishes. "I got most of my stuff at the repurpose store." he gets the half empty bag of mix down. "Just add milk. The pan I use is," he digs under the oven. "Right here. The cutting board is there." he points it out on the counter. "Knives are there, in their block. I just ask that you rinse everything when you are done."

Billy nods, grabbing the bowl. As Steve walks back into the front room, he digs into the fridge. "Alright, breakfast will be served soon." He noted that he had the same oven in his apartment. At least that would be easy to figure out.

"Oh, and the front large burner doesn't work. Just a heads up." Steve says from the couch.

Great, thinks Billy.

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"This is so good." Steve practically moans. Shoving more blueberry pancake into his mouth.

"Glad you like them." Billy smiles, eating another chunk of his steak and cheese omlette. "I added some cinnamon into the batter. That's how Max likes her cakes." He had taken his jacket off before he started cooking.

Steve hid his blush on how at home Billy looked on his couch. Like they had lived together for years. "Oh, never thought to add stuff besides..." he looks at the blueberries baked into his pancakes. "Wait, which shelf did you get the blueberries from?"

"The bottom, why?" he omits, while chewing.

Steve groans, "Oh man. Sorry, I should have said something. The food on the bottom shelf are my roomie's food." he takes another bite of his food. "It's alright. I'll just pick her up some before she gets back."

Billy tilts his head as he finishes his food. "Wait," he puts his empty plate on the coffee table. "She left for two weeks with fresh blueberries and some other fruit, by the way, on the bottom shelf? All of that is going to spoil before she gets back." he picks up the paper napkin he snagged from the kitchen and wipes his mouth and hands. "I'd suggest texting her and asking if you can kill them off so they don't spoil."

Steve gets up to take care of his and Billy's plates, "Uh..." he thinks about it as he rinses them. "Yeah. Wait, what fruit?" once he's done with the plates, he checks the fridge. Sure enough, there are fresh apples, a few pears and two containers of berries. Some strawberries and the rest of the blueberries. "What the heck?" he tries to not slam the fridge door. "She always does that." he says as he goes back to the couch. "She'll buy fruit and veggies and they just rot in the fridge." he plops back down next to Billy.

"Wasteful." Billy sighs, as he leans back against the couch. "I should get going soon. Work starts at noon." he looks around for a clock before remembering that his phone was on the armrest of the couch. "Crap, that's in twenty minutes!" he stands up, phone shoved into his pocket. "Breakfast was great, I'll see you later!" he leaned forward and gave Steve a kiss on his crown before letting himself out.

Steve just sits there stunned. Blinking at nothing before him, his words of departure stuck on his tongue. Billy's jacket sits on the back of his couch. Even as the engine of Billy's car roars to life, Steve is left with a thought. He still doesn't have Billy's number in his phone.

(tbc)